OLD GORGON GRAHAM

BY THE AUTHOR OF LETTERS FROM A SELF-MADE MERCHANT TO HIS SON.

VII—From John Graham, at the Union Stock Yards, Chicago, to his son, Pierrepont, at Yemasee-on-the-Tallahassee. The young man is now in the third quarter of the honeymoon, and the old man has decided that it is time to bring him fluttering down to earth.

Chicago, January 17, 189—.

Dear Pierrepont: After you and Helen had gone off looking as if you'd just bought seats on 'Change and been baptized into full membership with all the sample bags of grain that were handy I found your new mother-in-law out in the dining-room, and, judging by the plates around her, she was carrying in stock a full line of staple and fancy groceries and delicatessen. When I struck her she was crying into her third plate of ice cream and complaining bitterly to the butler because the mould had been opened so carelessly that some salt had leaked into it.

Of course, I started right in to be sociable and to cheer her up, but I reckon I got my society-talk a little mixed—I'd been one of the pall-bearers at Josh Burton's funeral the day before—and I told her that she must bear up and eat a little something to keep up her strength, and to remember that our loss was Helen's gain.

Now I don't take much stock in all this mother-in-law talk, though I've usually found that where there's so much smoke there's a little fire; but I'm bound to say that Helen's ma came back at me with a sniff and a snort, and made me feel sorry that I'd intruded on her sacred grief. Told me that a girl of Helen's beauty and advantages had naturally been very, very popular and greatly sought after. Said that she had been received in the very best society in Europe and might have worn strawberry leaves if she'd chosen, meaning, I've since found out, that she might have married a duke.

I tried to soothe the old lady and to restore good feeling by allowing that wearing leaves had sort of gone out of fashion with the Garden of Eden, and that I liked Helen better in white satin, but everything I said just seemed to enrage her the more. Told me plainly that she'd thought, and hinted that she'd hoped, right up to last month, that Helen was going to marry a French nobleman, the Count de Somethingerino or other, who was crazy about her. So I answered that we'd both had a narrow escape, because I'd been afraid for a year that I might wake up any morning and find myself the father-in-law of a Crystal Slipper chorus girl. Then, as it looked as if the old lady was going to bust a corset-string in getting out her answer, I modestly slipped away, leaving her leaking brine and acid like a dill pickle that's had a bite taken out of it.

Of course, it's only natural that Helen's ma should be a little disappointed in you. Good mothers often make bad mothers-in-law, because they usually believe that, no matter whom their daughters marry, they could have gone farther and fared beter. But it struck me that Helen's ma has one of those retentive memories and weak mouths—the kind of memory that never loses anything it should forget, and the kind of mouth that can't retain a lot of language which it shouldn't lose.

Of course, you want to honor your mother-in-law, that your days may be long in the land, but you want to honor this one from a distance, for the same reason. Otherwise, I'm afraid you'll hear a good deal about that French count, and how hard it is for Helen to have to associate with a lot of mavericks from the Stock Yords when she might be running with blooded stock on the other side. And if you glance up from your morning paper and sort of wonder out loud whether Corbett or Fitzsimmons is the better man, mother-in-law will glare at you over the top of her specs, and ask if you don't think it's invidious to make any comparisons if they're both striving to lead earnest, Christian lives. Then, when you come home at night, you'll be apt to find your wife sniffing your breath when you kiss her, to see if she can catch that queer, heavy smell which mother has noticed on it; or looking at you slant-eyed when she feels some letters in your coat, and wondering if what mother says is true, and if men who've once taken chorus girls to supper never really recover from the habit.

On general principles it's pretty good doctrine that two's a company and three's a crowd, except when the third is a cook. But I should say that when the third is Helen's ma it's a mob, out looking for a chance to make rough house. A good cook, a good wife and a good job will make a good home anywhere; but you add your mother-in-law, and the first thing you know you've got two homes, and one of them is being run on alimony.

You want to remember that beside your mother-in-law you're a comparative stranger to your wife. After you and Helen have lived together for a year you ought to be so well acquainted that she'll begin to believe that you know almost as much as mamma, but during the first few months of married life there are apt to be a good many tie votes on important matters, and if mother-in-law is on the premises she is generally going to break the tie by casting the deciding vote with daughter. A man can often get the best of one woman, or ten men, but not of two women, when one of the two is mother-in-law.

When a young wife starts housekeeping with her mother too handy it's like running a business with a new manager and keeping the old one along to see how things go. It's not in human nature that the old manager, even with the best disposition in the world, shouldn't knock the new one a little, and you're Helen's new manager. When I want to make a change I go about it like a crab—get rid of the old shell first, and then plunge right in and begin to do business with the new skin. It may be a little tender and open to attack at first, but it doesn't take long to toughen up when it finds out that the responsibility of protecting my white meat is on it.

You start a woman with sense to making mistakes and you've started her to learning common-sense; but you let some one else shoulder her natural responsibilities and keep her from exercising her brain, and it'll be fat-witted before she's forty. A lot of girls find it mighty handy to start with mother to look after the housekeeping and later to raise the baby, but by and by, when mamma has to quit, they don't understand that the butcher has to be called down regularly for leaving those heavy ends on the steak, or running in the shoulder chops on you, and that when Willie has the croup she musn't give the little darling a stiff hot Scotch and try to remove the phlegm from his throat with a buttonhook.

"CRYING INTO HER THIRD PLATE OF ICE CREAM."

There are a lot of women in this world who think that there's only one side to the married relation, and that's their side. When one of them marries she starts right out to train her husband into a nice old Carlo who'll go downtown for her every morning and come home every night, fetching a snug little basketful of money in his mouth and wagging his tail as he lays it at her feet. Then it's a pat on the head and "Nice doggie." And he's taught to stand around evenings retrieving her gloves and handkerchief, and snapping up with a pleased licking of his shops any little word that she may throw to him. But you let him start in to have a little fun scratching and stretching himself, or pawing her, and it's "Charge, Carlo!" and "Bad doggie!"

Of course, no man ever believes when he marries that he's going to wind up as kind Carlo, who droops his head so that the children can pull his ears, and who sticks up his paw so as to make it easier for his wife to pull his leg. But it's simpler than you think.

As long as fond fathers slave and ambitious mothers sacrifice so that foolish daughters can hide the petticoats of poverty under a silk dress and crowd the space in their heads, which ought to be filled with plain, useful knowledge, with the doings of cheap society, a lot of girls are going to grow up with the idea that getting married means getting rid of care and responsibility instead of assuming it.

A fellow can't play the game with a girl of this sort, because she can't play fair. He wants her love and a wife; she wants a provider, not a lover, and she takes him as a husband because she can't draw his salary any other way. But she can't return his affection, because her love is already given to another; and when husband and wife both love the same person, and that person is the wife, it's usually a life sentence at hard labor for the husband. If he wakes up a little and tries to assert himself after he's been married a year or so, she shudders and sobs until he sees what a brute he is, or if that doesn't work, and he still pretends to have a little spirit, she goes off into a rage and hysterics, and that usually brings him to heel again. It's a mighty curious thing how a woman who has the appetite and instincts of a turkey buzzard will often make her husband believe that she's as high-strung and delicate as a canary bird.

It's been my experience that both men and women can fool each other before marriage, and that women can keep right along fooling men after marriage, but that as soon as the average man gets married he gets found out. After a woman has lived in the same house with a man for a year she knows him like a good merchant knows his stock, down to any shelf-worn and slightly damaged morals which he may be hiding behind fresher goods in the darkest corner of his immortal soul. But even if she's married to a fellow who's so mean that he'd take the pennies off a dead man's eyes, not because he needed the money but bcause he hadn't the change handy for a two-cent stamp, she'll never own up to the worst about him, even to herself, till she gets him into a divorce suit.

I simply mention these things in a general way. Helen has shown signs of loving you, and you've never shown any symptoms of hating yourself, so I'm not really afraid that you're going to get the worst of it now. So far as I can see, your mother-in-law is the only real trouble that you have married. But don't you make the mistake of criticising her to Helen or of quarreling with her. I'll attend to that for the family. You simply want to dodge when she leads with the right, take your full ten seconds on the floor, and come back with your left cheek turned toward her, though, of course, you'll yank it back out of reach just before she lands on it. There's nothing like using a little diplomacy in this world, and, so far as women are concerned, diplomacy is knowing when to stay away; and a diplomatist is one who lets the other fellow think he's getting his way, while all the time he's having his own. It never does any special harm to let people have their way with their mouths.

What you want to do is to keep mother-in-law from mixing up in your family affairs until after she gets used to the disgrace of having a pork packer for a son-in-law and Helen gets used to pulling in harness with you. Then mother'll mellow up into a nice old lady who'll brag about you to the neighbors. But until she gets to this point you've got to let her hurt your feelings without hurting hers. Don't you ever forget that Helen's got a mother-in-law, too, and that it's some one you think a heap of.

Whenever I hear of a fellow's being found out by his wife, it always brings to mind the case of Dick Hodgkins, whom I knew when I was a young fellow back in Missouri. Dickie was one of a family of twelve, who all ran a little small any way you sized them up, and he was the runt. Like most of these little fellows, when he came to match up for double harness he picked out a six-footer, Kate Miggs. Used to call her Honeybunch, I remember, and she called him Doodums.

Honeybunch was a good girl, but she was as strong as a six-mule team, and a cautious man just naturally shied away from her. Was a pretty free stepper in the mazes of the dance, and once, when she was balancing partners with Doodums, she kicked him a clip with her tootsey that gave him water on the kneepan. It ought to have been a warning to Doodums, but he was plum infatuated, and went around pretending that he'd been kicked by a horse. After that the boys used to make Honeybunch mighty mad when she came out of dark corners with Doodums by feeling him to see if any of his ribs were broken. Still, he didn't take the hint, and in the end she led him to the altar.

We started in to give them a lovely shivaree after the wedding, beginning with a sort of yell which had been invented by the only fellow in town who had been to college.

As I remember, it ran something like this:

Hun, hun, hunch!
Bun, bun, bunch!
Funny, funny!
Honey, honey!
Funny Honeybunch!

But as soon as we got this off, and before we could begin on the dishpan chorus, Honeybunch came at us with a couple of bed slats and cleaned us all out.

Before he was married Doodums had been one of half a dozen half-baked sports who drank cheap whisky and played expensive poker at the Dutchman's; and after he'd held Honeybunch in his lap evenings for a month, he reckoned one night that he'd drop down street and look in on the boys. Honeybunch reckoned not, and he didn't press the matter, but after they'd gone to bed and she'd dropped off to sleep, he slipped into his clothes and down the waterspout to the ground. He sat up till two o'clock at the Dutchman's, and naturally, the next morning he had a breath like a gasoline runabout and looked as if he'd been attending a successful coon-hunt in the capacity of the coon.

Honeybunch smelt his breath and then she smelt a mouse, but she wasn't much of a talker and she didn't ask any questions—of him. But she had brother Jim make some inquiries, and a few days later, when Doodums complained of feeling all petered out and wanted to go to bed early, she was ready for him.

Honeybunch wasn't any invalid, and when she went to bed it was to sleep, so she rigged up a simple little device in the way of an alarm and dropped off peacefully, while Doodums pretended to.

When she began to snore in her upper register and to hit the high C he judged the coast was clear, and leaped lightly out of bed. Even before he'd struck the floor he knew there'd been a horrible mistake somewhere, for he felt a tug as if he'd hooked a hundred-pound catfish, there was an awful ripping and tearing sound, something fetched loose, and his wife was sitting up in bed blinking at him in the moonlight. It seemed that just before she went to sleep she'd pinned her night-gown to his with a safety pin, which wasn't such a bad idea for a simple, trusting, little village maiden.

"Was you wantin' anything, Duckie Doodums?" she asked in a voice like the running of sap in maple sugar time.

"N-n-nothin' but a drink of water, Honeybunch sweetness," he stammered back.

"You're sure you ain't mistook in your thirst and that it ain't a suddint cravin' for licker, and that you ain't sort of p'intin' down the waterspout for the Dutchman's, Duckie Doodums?"

"Shorely not, Honeybunch darlin'," he finally fetched up, though he was hardly breathing.

"Because your ma told me that you was given to somnambulasticatin' in your sleep, and that I must keep you tied up nights or you'd wake up some mornin' at the foot of a waterspout with your head bust open and a lot of good licker split out on the grass."

"Don't you love your Doodums any more?" was all Dickie could find to say to this; but Honeybunch had too much on her mind to stop and swap valentines just then.

"You wouldn't deceive your Honeybunch, would you, Duckie Doodums?"

"I shorely would not."

"Well, don't you do it, Duckie Doodums, because it would break my heart; and if you should break my heart I'd just naturally bust your head. Are you listenin', Doodums?"

Doodums was listening.

"Then you come back to bed and stay here."

Doodums never called his wife Honeybunch after that. Generally it was Kate, and sometimes it was Kitty, and when she wasn't around it was usually Kitty-cat. But he minded better than anything I ever met on less than four legs.

Your affectionate father,
JOHN GRAHAM.

P. S. You might tear this letter up after you've read it.

After Dinner Speaking.

Senator Depew, of New York, says that one morning he received a letter marked "Personal" in an envelope addressed: "Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, A. M., P.M., Ph. D., L.L.D., S.T.D., etc."

The letter read as follows: "Dear and Most Honored Sir—I have read of your after-dinner speeches. It has never been my good fortune to listen to your eloquence, but I have delighted myself and friends by publishing reports of your utterances.

"So much have they impressed me that I have one great wish. It is to listen to the speech you—"

Senator Depew here reached the end of the first page of the letter, and turning over to the next page read:

"—would deliver after a dinner in your railway restaurant at Poughkeepsie.'

"Is fiction deteriorating?" asks a writer in the National Review. Certainly not since the war began.—Punch.

Church—"What are the favorite grounds for divorce?" Gotham—"I believe they are somewhere in south Dakota."—Ex.

"What is a press censor, pop?" "Why, a press censor, my son, is a man who knows more than he thinks other people should."—Yonkers Statesman.

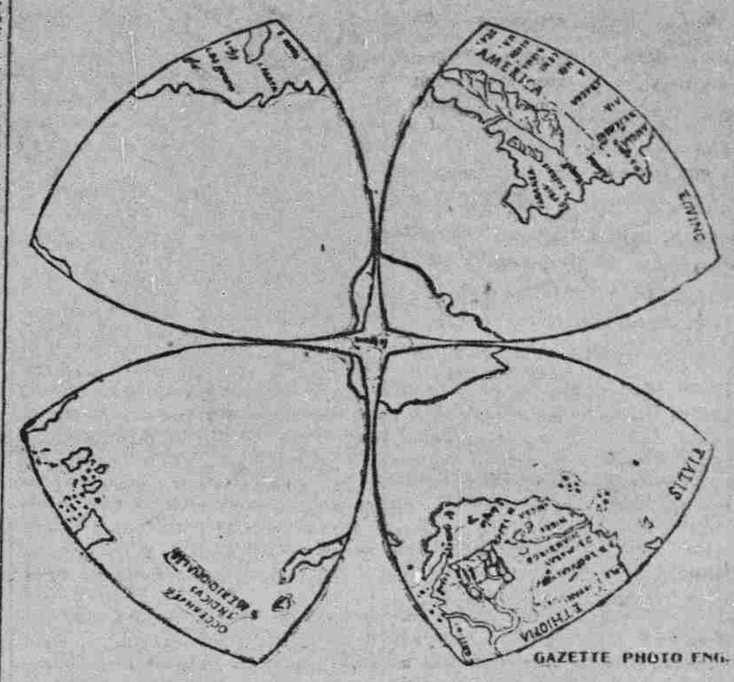
Rawhide Rube—"What are these here magazine guns, anyhow?" Hairtrigger Hank—"Oh, I s'pose they are the weapons them editors have to plug poets with."—Chicago Daily News.

"Your husband met an accidental death, did he not?" remarked the new boarder. "Yes," replied the landlady; "poor John tried to cross the street one day and was autocuted."—Chicago Daily News.

"N-N-NOTHIN' BUT A DRIVE OF WATER."

THE NAME AMERICA.

First Map in Which It Appeared at Last Discovered.



THIS IS BELIEVED TO BE THE FIRST MAP EVER MADE ON WHICH THE WORD "AMERICA" WAS USED TO DESIGNATE THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE.

After nearly four centuries of mystery the first map on which the name of America was used to designate the Western Hemisphere has been found. It was made by Martin Waldseemuller, a geographer and cartographer of the little city of St. Diel, situated in the French department of the Vosges.

Ever since the year 1507 the world has known of a little Latin book, printed in St. Diel and made famous because it first advocated that the new hemisphere should be called America, after Americo Vespucci.

"I do not see who can rightfully object to its being called 'Land of Americo,' or 'America,'" said the writer, "from Americo, or Amerigo, the name of the sagacious man of genius who discovered it, since the names 'Europe' and 'Asia' were derived from the names of women."

From certain references in the book it was evident that it was accompanied by some sort of map, yet the map was missing. Copies were found of a map which geographers believed belonged to the book, but still no one knew what had become of the original. It was finally proved that Waldseemuller wrote the book, and certain maps were found bearing his name, but not the coveted map for which the world had been seeking so long.

The search had been abandoned and the subject almost forgotten when a German professor stumbled over the missing map in the princely library of the castle of Wolfegg. Here it had lain hidden amid tomes of rich morocco and parchment.

The professor's name was Joseph Fischer, of Feldkirch, who was making an examination of the library of Prince Francis of Walburg-Wolfegg. He found "a volume of great size," says "The Monthly Bulletin of the International Bureau of American Republics," "antiquarian folio, Gothic style, substantially bound, and having for its covers two beech boards, supplied with clasps or brass fasteners, in which were found united, forming a kind of atlas, various leaves of three distinct maps.

"One of these was the original Waldseemuller map of 1507, which had been so persistently searched for and of which so much had been spoken, magnificently printed in twelve sheets, and in an excellent state of preservation."

The prince permitted the map to be photographed, so that the facsimiles which have been made public are correct reproductions.

When its parts are put together the Waldseemuller map measures eight feet wide and four feet high. It represents the new continent with a vagueness which seems comical to a man of today. Yet when one considers that it was drawn only fifteen years after Columbus had crossed the Atlantic on his first voyage, it is possible to understand the cloudiness with which the new land is bounded. A few of the West Indies are depicted by clumsy blotches, and North America is pinched into a strip of land, which looks more like an attenuated island than a continent. The proportions of South America are more near the truth, and represent to a certain extent the V shape character of that continent. The name "America" appears written transversely in capital letters in the southern part of the continent to the north of the Tropic of Capricorn.

AMUSING GLIMPSES OF A MONARCH ON HIS TRAVELS.

(Continued from page 1.)

The emperor and the king now rose and stood beside each other. The emperor was slightly above the average height of his race; his complexion was dark, and his face an open one; his forehead was usually high; his eyes black and penetrating; nor did he look like one who would put himself entirely in the hands of his ministers; his dress was a European military uniform, and the breast of his coat was decorated with orders. The king, with a complexion unusually dark for a Hawaiian, towered above him, graceful, imperturbable. The contrast was striking; but the inscrutable face and the eye of the emperor disclosed the stronger character.

Here is a characteristic incident of the king himself:

One day as the imperial carriage in which we rode passed under the branches of the Cryptomerias, a flock of crows flew up, and, with much cawing, settled in their branches. The king, who was half asleep from the reaction and strain of the previous day's extraordinary excitement, listened, and then uttered to the imperial prince by his side this aphorism: "The noblest aspiration of man is to hear birds sing." The prince was no doubt surprised at this crisp summary of man's nature and aspirations, but, like a true courtier, he bowed, and replied: "Your majesty, it is true." The king's head began to nod again in peaceful nap, and the crows gave him a screeching encore.

Mr. Armstrong tells us that he purposely delayed publication of his book till after the death of the king, so he could "paint him with the wrinkles." Here is a wrinkle:

It is a singular trait of the Hawaiians to avoid the use of English when sober, but when drunk to use it with much volubility. The king's immediate predecessor on the throne, Lunalilo, when in liquor, would often refuse to converse with his native relatives in the native language, but addressed them in English, and directed an interpreter to translate his speech; and, on the other hand, required a translation into English of their conversation in Hawaiian. The king's remarkable memory furnished him with a considerable vocabulary of uncommon words; alcohol seemed to open that part of his brain where they were stored, especially when, like the moon, he was at the third quarter and coming to the "full." On one occasion the use of the words "hippodramatic performance" secured to him the prestige of a learned man.

Sailing from Japan for China, the king and cabinet were well received at Hong Kong and Shanghai, though not with royal pomp:

I must preserve in this memoir an incident of the last banquet. I pray that the king's ghost will not vex me for relating it. The numerous receptions and late hours had deprived the king of sleep. His eyelids drooped, and soon after we were seated, I noticed his hand idly held his fork, and his anointed head slightly nodded. The banquet, like all royal banquets, was without wit or hilarity; a monotonous decorum pervaded the chamber. The governor's wife was seated on the king's right, and I was seated next to her. I feared a nasal explosion if the king's doze should deepen, and devised several ways of preventing it. It was a case of emergency. I whispered to the governor's wife what my fears were, and asked her to aid in preventing a loss of royal dignity. She hesitated to break through the divinity which hedges kings, but she saw that a crisis was near. Moving her fan with dexterity, she hit the royal shoulder as if accidentally, and the king opened his eyes. I said, in the native language: "Your majesty, naps are dangerous."

He replied: "It is very hot; how can I get away?"

He glanced up and down the long table to see if his doze had been noticed. But the air was hot, and the food heavy. Within a few moments he quickly dropped his fork again, and closed his eyes. The royal dignity was drifting on a lee shore, and would be soon on the rocks, and a Crowned Head would be struggling in the breakers. The clever wife of the governor whispered to me: "Will any special piece of music waken him up?"

I replied: "Only our national anthem; if that does not do it, we are lost."

She quietly called the major-domo, and in a minute the military band in the balcony filled the air with the music of "Hawaii Ponoi." The king woke up. I advised him, afterward, to decorate the lady who had thrown out a life-line which saved the royal dignity from shipwreck.

Sunday Dinner.

The Palace Grill, on Bethel street, will serve the following dinner today from 5 to 7 p. m.: Green turtle soup, fried fresh salmon, tartar sauce; turtle cutlet, mushroom sauce; fresh oyster pattie, banana fritters, stuffed turkey, cranberry sauce; ribs of beef, green peas, mashed potatoes, baked sweet potatoes, lobster salad, ice cream and cake. Price, 35c.